

CORBETT AND MITCHELL MATCHED AGAIN

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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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WORE HER BROTHER'S CLOTHES.

PRETTY MISS MARIE HAS A DANDY TIME IN MACON, GA., AND CREATES A LARGE SENSATION.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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### CORBETT AND MITCHELL WILL FIGHT.

As we predicted last week Corbett and Mitchell will fight in Jacksonville, Fla., for the \$20,000 purse offered by the Duval Athletic Club. There will also be side stakes of \$5,000 a side. In addition to these, Corbett's manager, Brady, wagered Mitchell \$1,000 that he (Mitchell) would not meet the American champion in the ring. The Englishman promptly covered the money, and convinced his friends that he was in earnest about the match.

Manager Brady signed the articles of agreement for Corbett, and, it is reported, Mitchell attached his signature to the same, and unless some unforeseen complication arises, the two men will meet in the arena in Jacksonville, Fla., on the night of Jan. 25, 1894.

For a year or more the sport-loving people of two continents have been interested in the proposed meeting of these two clever pugilists.

The conqueror of John L. Sullivan has convinced the American public that he is the greatest fighter of modern times. The admirers of the Englishman, however, remember that he, when a mere novice in the business, gave Sullivan a hard fight, and won a draw decision, when the American champion was in his prime, and, as subsequent battles proved, invincible. Such being the case, it is natural that the Englishman's friends should believe that their champion stands an equal chance in the coming contest.

Taking the performances of the two men into consideration, we should say that they were pretty evenly matched as far as cleverness, science and ring tactics are concerned. But, when it comes to actual record and ring experience, it would seem that Corbett has the advantage. He has taken part in and won more finished battles than his opponent. He has proven himself the cleverest and most finished boxer in the American prize ring. He has also shown, in his fight with Peter Jackson for instance, that he possesses great staying qualities.

On the other hand, Mitchell is considered to be the cleverest boxer in England. He is just as quick and knows as many ring tricks as Corbett. If John L. Sullivan's opinion is to be considered the Englishman is even a harder hitter than Corbett.

In view of these facts it is natural to assume that the contest will be a close one. The men being pretty evenly matched, as far as we can judge, should give the spectators and the partisans a good show for their money.

At this stage of the game it would be folly to predict the outcome of the battle. Until the men have trained properly, and their physical condition is apparent, it would not be wise to wager any money on the contest. Let it suffice that the match has been arranged.

We are happy to say that the POLICE GAZETTE was largely instrumental in bringing about what a few weeks ago appeared to sporting men an utter impossibility.

## MASKS AND FACES.

### How an Audacious Ballet Girl Frightened a Fresh Youth.

### LILLIAN RUSSELL'S CHORUS.

### A Wicked Thief Steals Some "Algerian" Girls' Tights.

### FRAULEIN HEUER'S HISTORY.

The object of the contemplated congress of ballet directors, which is soon to take place in this country, is for the compilation and adoption of a ballet dictionary.

The idea, as I understand it, is to establish a universal ballet language, through this dictionary, which will be invaluable to those engaged in the art.

Ballet dancing, it seems, has five fundamental positions, just as music has seven notes. All the various movements in dancing are based on these five positions, though capable of an infinite number of variations.

To obtain a clear and comprehensive idea of these many movements, the director of the ballet at the Paris Opera suggests that a picked body of the best dancers in the world attend the congress. They can then perform all the figures, and instantaneous photographs will be taken of each move.

The figures will then be classified and given a technical name, which will be embodied in the projected dictionary.

suppers and charming *tele-a-letes* are found to be but idle fancies, as empty as the brains of the originators. It, however, happens quite often that a "new" guided youth may obtain admission behind the scenes, but this is an exception. If they are admitted to the presence of the girls, they generally are too bashful or stupid to say anything.

I recall a very amusing episode that happened to a fresh youth, who boasted his numerous conquests far and wide. He gave himself out to be a regular terror in the way of taking liberties with the girls when he was behind the scenes. In reality he was an innocent zerk, and one of the French dancing girls in "The Black Crook" ballet well-nigh frightened him to death last winter by her audacity.

He was sitting, using his cane as a nursing bottle, when she rushed up to him, planted her dainty little foot squarely in his lap, and, as if burying him in billowy mazes of lace skirts, she exclaimed:

"Please lace my slipper!"

The poor youth gave one gasp of wild amazement and fled.

Lillian Russell is going to revolutionize things in her coming appearance at the Casino in "Princess Nicotine." She has just discovered that the *prima donna* has too much of a chance in light opera, so she has determined to offset their prominence by bringing the much abused and neglected chorus to the front.

It cannot be denied that this factor in every variety of the lyric drama has been regarded with indifference by authors, composers and stage-managers. Miss Russell has had that fact impressed upon her during her career as a singer, and she is determined to remedy it. Her present aim is to have the chorus contingent in "Princess Nicotine" taught to act rationally.

"I intend to cast aside the tradition handed down from the early period of Italian opera," says Miss Russell. "The assumption, according to this venerable prece-



"PLEASE LACE MY SLIPPER!"

As it is now, every ballet master has his own ideas of designating the various figures by all manner of hieroglyphics unintelligible to any one save himself. When the universal ballet language has been adopted the most intricate figures can be produced simply by interchange of what will then be known as ballet scores. The Parisian *maitre de danse* will be able to send his ideas to New York, and our own ballet masters will be able to reciprocate. By this system any important work can be given simultaneously in every part of the world, should it be desired.

While on the subject of the ball-t, I may add that there is always a very flood of gossip surging about that belongs to it. (One is sure to hear the most fantastic stories about its members, but these stories, as a rule, are mere moonshine.)

There are instances where the managers have made it a point to get their ballet talked about simply for advertising purposes, but only cheap affairs stoop to this. It is the callow youth that delights in talking about their imaginary conquests among the fascinating ballet girls.

Also if sifted down, these little private champagne

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dent, is that the chorus is always a unit—never a multitude. Hence, it appears that the auxiliary body has been drilled to express emotion with military unanimity and precision. Thus, when the portly baritone remarks in an awe-inspiring recitative: "Hark! Some one approaches," straightway his forty odd retainers strike a hearkening attitude, with every ear alert, each body bent forward, and all necks craned to catch the distant sound detected by the keener hearing of the solo singer.

"Can you imagine anything more grotesque and absurd! In a life wholesale fashion are depicted astonishment, terror, dismay, horror, despair and joy. I will have none of it. My idea is to have each member of my chorus taught separately to impersonate a certain distinct character—be it ever so briefly in view—so that the total shall insure a comprehensive array of intelligent beings instead of a set of automata.

"In other words," continues Miss Russell, "my theory is simply that everybody employed upon the scene should typify to the life whatever character he or she may stand for."

This idea is certainly a very commendable one, but it will entail much trouble in the selection of a proper chorus. I understand that Miss Russell has insisted that George Lederer, her manager, shall engage only beautiful women and handsome men, who would

have to undergo a rigid examination as to their musical and dramatic capabilities.

It is very evident that to accomplish her present work of reform, Miss Russell will require a higher grade of talent in her chorus. This will be a real blow to the statuesque and *insane* *figurantes* who used to exhibit their incompetency, as well as their charms, on the Casino stage, and who were used only to capture the dollars of the young men about town. Miss Russell deserves to succeed in her new crusade.

Marie Jansen has made a solid success at the Bijou Theatre in "Delmonico's at Six," so much so that Manager Rosenquest intends to have her play a return engagement in March that has no limit. Glen MacDonough's farce is not quite as devoid of merit as some of the dailies would have us believe, and it gives Miss Jansen an opportunity to do some clever acting, as well as sing some of the songs which first made her famous in the old McCaull days.

Some horribly wicked thief broke into the dressing-room of the Garden Theatre recently and got away with a good many pairs of tights. The result was that when the chorus started to dress for the performance of "The Algerian," a number of young women blushing declared that they could not go on. An irreverent wag suggested a coat of paint, and for a time it looked as though there would be a serious shrinkage of the chorus. Fortunately, however, the costumer managed to find some old tights, which had been stored away by T. Henry French after "La Cizale" had closed its season.

Some of the tights were too short and some too wide, while one girl from Boston, to whom a slender pair was given, declared that they were dreadfully narrow. The girls managed to get along, however, and new tights have been ordered.

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry opened Abbey's Theatre last week in Tennyson's tragedy of "Becket." The play was not quite up to the standard of the exquisite setting it received, and would have failed in less able hands.

Marta Heuer, the latest star at the Imperial Music Hall, has made quite a hit with her German songs.

Fraulein Heuer has quite an interesting history. Although she is only nineteen, yet she has won the hearts of the Viennese by her clever *chansonneter* and peculiar style of dancing. This is not her first appearance in this country, but she did not appear in public during her last visit to New York. About six months ago she eloped from Vienna with her cousin. Upon their arrival here, she was detained on Ellis Island by the Federal officers upon a cable dispatch received from her father, saying that she had run away and was under age.

After fifteen days' detention, she was sent back and became reconciled with her father. Then she made a second trip to New York, but she was recognized and detained three days, despite her protestations, until her father could be communicated with. She was finally released, and has since been living with relatives in this city. Fraulein Heuer is a remarkably handsome woman, and possesses a well-trained voice.

"The Councillor's Wife" has duplicated the praise it received when it was first given at a trial matinee last year at the Madison Square Theatre. It is now settled for the winter at the Empire Theatre, where it is admirably acted by Henry Miller, James O. Barrows, Cyril Scott, W. H. Crompton, Viola Allen, Agnes Miller and May Robson.

There seems to be a fatality connecting the professional life of Sadie Martinot and Isabel Evesson. Miss Evesson succeeded Miss Martinot as leading lady of the Boston Museum some years ago; she succeeded her as leading lady at the Garden Theatre two years ago, and she has just been engaged to play leading business in the Boston Grand Opera House stock company in place of Miss Martinot, who has been secured by T. Henry French for the production of "The Voyage of Suzette" at the American Theatre.

Marcus Mayer, who is busy looking after the interests of Patti just at present, tells me that it is altogether likely that Florence St. John, who was here four seasons ago at the head of the London Gaiety Company, will return here next September with her own company and under his management. "For the last five years," said Mr. Mayer, "Miss St. John has been appearing in burlesque, whereas her forte is light opera. She has just made a splendid success in 'The Masquerade' at London. It was put on as a stop-gap, but Miss St. John has made it a strong attraction. When she comes over, by the way, she will not sing in a repertoire of old operas. I will have a new work written for her."

They have some queer names for things theatrical, nowadays. A "hardly able" company is, as you are perhaps aware, an organization that is hardly able to get from one town to another.

But the latest thing in troupes is the "fit up" company. This is an aggregation that frequents towns in which there are no theatres, and has to fit up halls or barns for theatrical use.

"Olat," a tragedy founded on a German legend, is the latest offering of the Rosenfeld Brothers at Niblo's Theatre. It is magnificently staged and cleverly interpreted by a good company, which includes Minnie Seligman, Ellen Burg, T. B. Thalberg, George Fawcett and Charles B. Handford.

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## PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

### A Pretty Wife Betrayed by Her Bosom Friend.

### HE WON A WIFE AWAY.

### Mabel Tryon Ruined Through An Advertisement.

### NAUGHTY DOINGS OF LOVERS.

A sad story is revealed by a divorce suit instituted by Mrs. William Guthrie against her husband, a wealthy real estate dealer in this city. Mrs. Guthrie is a pretty woman and has two charming children. The co-respondent in the case was her bosom friend.

As wife and mother, Mrs. Guthrie first knew Blanche Bentley as the winsome teacher of her little tots in a Sunday school. This was several years ago and Blanche was but a slip of a girl. She is less than twenty now. The Guthries then lived at No. 114 West 104th street to be near his place of business, for Guthrie at that time had a real estate office at No. 903 Columbus avenue.

Guthrie himself was something of an elocutionist, and through his children he became interested in the Sunday school and church work. Whenever there was an entertainment he was more than willing to lend a helping hand. Bright, vivacious and eloquent, although not quite good looking, he soon became a general favorite, and was the centre of many a social occasion.

At one of these Mrs. Guthrie and Miss Bentley met and were charmed with each other. Mrs. Guthrie is a handsome brunette—strikingly handsome, indeed—and Miss Bentley is of the same type. Strange to relate, they look a great deal alike, and from their first meeting they seemed to have many feelings in common. They were attracted to each other at once and soon became very dear friends, although Mrs. Guthrie, though a young woman herself, was several years her new friend's senior.

Miss Bentley became a frequent visitor at the Guthries home and was an ever welcome guest. The children, a girl now twelve years old and a boy seven, took the greatest delight in seeing the Sunday school teacher at their home, and this served the more to find for her a warm spot in the mother's heart.

Mrs. Guthrie fell ill about a year ago, and her only desire was that Miss Bentley should be with her and should care for her. Willingly she came, and taking her place at the bedside, remained there night and day nearly all the time for a period of seven weeks.

It was a serious illness, and at times Mrs. Guthrie's life was despaired of, but under the patient and untiring nursing of her friend she managed to pull through.

The days of convalescence were extremely happy, for then she did not see the cloud that was gathering. During her illness her husband had more than ever before been thrown in Miss Bentley's company, and though the confiding wife knew it not, a cloud of sympathy had come between them. From sympathy it passed to affection and from affection soon to love. Still the wife was unsuspecting and her faith in her husband was unquestioned. She loved him and her children well.

The awakening for her was harsh, but it did not come for some time, not until she had entirely recovered. It was difficult for her to believe her husband faithless, but she found that she could not down her suspicions and one day she charged him with it. His denials were not many and at last he confessed. She pleaded with him, pleaded for the sake of their children, and he promised all that was right and good.

But the promises were vain and were forgotten almost ere they were uttered. He now undertakes to say that he was not a willing victim and that he fell by wile. At all events, it soon became apparent to Mrs. Guthrie that it was beyond her powers to win her husband back.

She had tried hard for the sake of their children, but it was a futile task. They had moved to a new neighborhood, taking a handsome apartment in the Elizabeth, No. 234 West 134th street, but it made no difference. The husband's heart was far from his home.

The wife's heart had become hardened by the trials she was forced to undergo. Despair had succeeded hope, and despair almost turned to hatred. The woman who had been her dearest friend was now the one she most despised. She turned for help to her parents, who are wealthy, and they demanded that she should immediately procure a divorce. She and her husband still lived under the same roof, but they never spoke now. The time had passed for that.

Heeding her parents' advice, Mrs. Guthrie's determination was soon made, and last week she calmly told her husband that she demanded a divorce. Infatuated as he was he jumped at the proposition. In fact he agreed to furnish her with evidence that would easily be conclusive.

He seemed glad to do it, but he wanted to shield the other. Some one else should be procured as co-respondent. To this, however, the injured wife would not assent. There was a limit to her endurance and it had been found. She would not be a party to shielding the one who had shattered her happiness and welfare. No, not that.

The end came the other afternoon in a furnished room in the building at the southwest corner of Eighth avenue and 134th street, within a stone's throw of where the Guthries lived. The husband, with out a shadow of reluctance, had agreed to his wife's demand, and when at 2 o'clock she entered the room that her husband had rented expressly for the purpose, she found him there and with him the other.

There were witnesses for they are needed in courts of law, even when a divorce is asked for and one of the parties is willing. The other turned her head in

shame when the wife entered, but Mrs. Guthrie resolutely made her turn about full face unto her shame.

Had it ended there it might have been a very ordinary, commonplace scene, but behind the desperate mother, out in the hallway, were her little ones. She had brought them with her that she might at least have some portion of revenge. It came to her, too, for although the man had desperately maintained his calmness until then, when the door opened at the mother's touch and the little boy and girl came in, he broke down utterly.

The mother had dressed them as for a festival, and pretty and dear to him as they had ever seemed, they were even prettier and dearer to him then. He would have retraced his footsteps then, and on his knees he pleaded to be permitted.

But his entreaties fell upon senseless ears. The wife's heart was hardened and she said: "Jamie and Belle, say goodbye to your father. You will never see him again."

Innocently they said goodbye, for it was not for them to comprehend what had passed and what was passing there. With a hand for each of them the mother left the room and her ordeal was over.

In a spirit of fun, one day a year ago, away up in Red Jacket, Mich., Miss Mabel Tryon answered a matrimonial advertisement. As a result of it she was complainant recently in a Chicago court against a young man whom she accused of desertion.

Miss Tryon is one of five daughters of Mr. Wm. W. Tryon, secretary to Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the American edition of the *Review of Reviews*, at No. 13

She left her parents to join her epistolary sweetheart in Chicago, but the wedding ceremony was deferred, and finally, when Lowery held out the inducements of a life in the Grand Pacific Hotel, the young woman's scruples were overcome. Her period of happiness was brief, for Lowery's money soon ran out. In an unlucky hour she had told him of her former love for the stage. When the last cent was gone Lowery, she claims, told her she had a chance to utilize her love for the footlights. He would secure a place for her in a concert hall in Spokane Falls, and she could send him part of her salary.

She consented, and sang there eight weeks as Mabel Taylor. Sue grew tired of the far West and returned to Chicago. Lowery refused to support her and she had him arrested. This was in July. Lowery forfeited his bond, but the girl camped on his trail, and Friday located him and had him locked up.

William H. Douglass appeared in the Supreme Court, this city, recently, and asked for a divorce. He is a fine-looking man, and has a good position in a large business house. He said that his cousin, John Douglass, had been an occupant of his house in 127th street, near Park avenue, and had looked after his family when business called him (William) from home. His wife went to Grand Rapids on April 15 to visit her mother, taking one little child along, and two days later cousin John left the city. Then, William said, he closed his house and with the two children who had been left, went to board with friends.

Mrs. Douglass wrote to her husband frequently, the

last act in the presence of her lover. Miss Cora Marietta, a young lady of twenty-two, a resident of that place, went to a drug store near by and obtained a large powder of morphine, which she carried with her to the home of Mrs. Wolf, who resides on Main street, saying that she had a cold and wanted to take some quinine. She went to the kitchen and took the deadly powder. Mrs. Wolf saw her throw some paper into the fire and asked her what it was. She said it was quinine. Mrs. Wolf said: "Are you sure it is not poison?" She said, laughingly, that she was. A few minutes after this her lover called, and she rushed to him and fell in his arms dying. She lived but a short time. This was her second attempt at suicide, being unsuccessful last September. No cause except fits of despondency seems to be evident now.

#### LYLA KAVENAUUGH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Our theatrical page presents an unusually attractive picture of Lyla Kavenaugh, who first won her spurs in Rice's Surprise party, and in the company that supported Henry E. Dixey. Miss Kavenaugh is a talented singer, and boasts of a figure that is unsurpassed in its wealth of charms on the American stage. She is under contract to Robert Grau for this season.

#### A COLLEGE GIRL'S THROAT CUT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

O. C. Baugh, a well known farmer, resides just west of Alliance, O. He and Mrs. Baugh recently left for a visit in Pennsylvania. The house was left in charge of their daughter, Miss Birdie, a very handsome girl and a student at Mount Union College. The men in the house were Thomas Strawn, the girl's uncle; her two brothers, aged seventeen and fourteen years, and Kirt Davidson, a hired man, who had been in Mr. Baugh's employ for several years.

Davidson did not come home at the usual time the other night. When the two boys and the uncle retired Miss Baugh remained to look after the fires. She remarked the absence of Davidson, saying: "Uncle Tom, I wish we were rid of that man."

When Mr. Strawn got up the next morning he noticed that Miss Baugh had not been in her room. He and the boys went to the kitchen and found it locked. They forced an entrance. The room was in confusion and a bloody poker lay on the floor. A trail of blood led to the barn, and there upon the floor they found the young woman dead.

Miss Baugh's throat had been cut and there was a wound on her head. Her dress skirt had been thrown over her body and all her clothing was torn and disarranged, plainly showing the object of the crime. About the same hour that Miss Baugh's body was found a farmer living half a mile away found Davidson on a pile of straw in his barnyard with his throat cut. He had severed the windpipe, but not the jugular vein. He was conscious, and asked for a blanket, as he was cold, but he soon became unconscious. It was first thought he could not recover, but later he rallied, and it is now thought he will get well. Lynching is threatened.

#### AVENGED HER ALLEGED WRONGS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Caroline Schneider, a young woman living in West Hoboken, failing to get what she believed to be justice in the courts, filled a pitcher with vitriol and buried it at Gustav Bremer, whom she accuses of a grave crime against her. Several weeks ago she caused his arrest. He was indicted and tried in the County Court. He was acquitted. When the verdict was announced she swooned and an attack of hysteria followed. When she recovered she began to complain of the injustice of the verdict. She has evidently been watching for an opportunity to secure vengeance, and it came the other night.

Bremer called at the butcher shop of Joseph Hubel, in Spring street. She followed a moment later. He was talking with Hubel and she interrupted them to upbraid Bremer. She was excited and he told her to go away. She grew wild with rage and threw the contents of the pitcher at him. He attempted to dodge the liquid, but it struck the side of his face and hands and ran down his neck and body.

Two women who were standing near him, Mary Oriel, of No. 400 Spring street, and Mary Koeller, of No. 416 Central avenue, were burned by the liquid on the face and hands and their clothes were ruined. A physician was called to prescribe for them.

Miss Schneider left the store promptly and returned to her home at No. 414 Monastery street. After Bremer and the two women had their burns dressed they visited Recorder Reinhardt, who issued a warrant for the indignant young woman's arrest. Acting Sergeant Doerfer went in quest of Miss Schneider, and learned that she had left home and come to this city.

#### BECAUSE HER FRIEND DIED.

On Tuesday, Mabel Hipple, the fourteen-year-old daughter of W. W. H. Hipple, an Allegheny, Pa., dentist, drank, her parents say, by accident, some carbolic acid, and died from the effects.

Her funeral was on Nov. 16. She and Lizzie A. McDonald, the fifteen-year-old daughter of T. G. McDonald, a pattern designer, living at 175 South avenue, Allegheny, had been loving playmates, with an unusually marked attachment for each other.

At the interment Lizzie walked forward to the grave, and, looking into it, between her tears said: "Mabel, I'll meet you in heaven to-day." Afterward she returned, and going to a well-known drug store on Federal street, Allegheny, purchased five cents worth of carbolic acid.

Then she started for home, but on arriving there she went up the next door neighbor's steps, rang the door bell, then drank the poison. When the door was opened there she stood with her arm outstretched and the empty vial in her hand. In half an hour she was dead.

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LOVE IN A SICK ROOM—STOLE HIS COUSIN'S WIFE.

Astor place. Since last spring Mr. Tryon has lost track of his daughter. Then she was with her parents in New York. One day she said she had an urgent message from a friend in Chicago, and left on the next train. Her father thinks that this friend was the young man with whom she had been corresponding after the newspaper introduction.

The Lothario proves now to have been W. E. Lowery. He was a bartender at No. 49 Clark street, Chicago, dressed flashily, and in the correspondence passed as being wealthy. Not to be outdone Mabel posed as the heiress of a millionaire. She sent her photograph to Lowery, and he, caught by the combination of wealth and beauty, pleaded with her to come to Chicago, that they might be married.

Mabel was but nineteen, and, impressed with the seriousness of the step she was about to take, left Red Jacket, where she had been visiting a friend, and came on to New York to visit her father. He believes now she came on for advice, but that her courage failed her. Anyway, she said nothing to him of the secret correspondence, and during the time she passed in New York lived an exemplary life.

Mr. Tryon formerly lived in Minneapolis, Minn., but three years ago came to New York. Even before that time Mabel had become stage-struck and ran away, being gone for several weeks. When the family came East Mabel remained in the West with friends. A year later she joined a barn-storming company in the Northwest. When she lived so demure a life in New York her father congratulated himself on his daughter having overcome her passion for the stage. When the family would visit Coney Island Mabel would point at some of the short-skirt dancers and shudderingly suggest she might have come to that.

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for tidings of the woman. In a few days a letter came from Mrs. Douglass, in which she said: "I have determined to cast my lot hereafter with John. I am going to keep Beatrice, who is John's child, and the new baby, which is also John's."

The letter also informed the husband that of the four children he had supposed to be his he was the father of only the two eldest.

When Douglass recovered from the shock he set about tracing the guilty ones, and with the aid of Lawyer W. R. Spooner, of 5 Beekman street, located them on Sept. 26 in Brooklyn, and there divorce papers were served upon the woman. She had her two and one-half-year-old daughter Beatrice and a baby with her. All were in court. Beatrice, who had clung to her mother's skirts in a half-frightened manner, ran to the man whom she had been taught to believe her father directly she saw him, and remained at his side while her mother and her real father gave their evidence.

"How long have you been intimate with your cousin's wife?" said Lawyer Spooner to John Douglass.

"About three years," the witness answered, with a marked English drawl.

"Is Beatrice your child?"

"So she tells me," said the man, referring to Mrs. Douglass.

"Is the infant, Edith Robinson, yours also?"

"Yes; she says so," answered the co-respondent, in a shame-faced manner.

Upon leaving the witness stand the cousin caught Beatrice by the hand and said:

"Come, Beatrice, I'm your papa."

Judge Barrett gave Douglass his divorce.

#### IN HER LOVER'S ARMS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A most sensational suicide occurred at Loudonville, O., recently. A beautiful young lady committed the





LYLA KAVENAUGH.

A PRETTY BURLESQUER, WHOSE SYMMETRICAL FIGURE AND CHARMING VOICE ARE MUCH ADMIRER.





IN HER LOVER'S ARMS.

PRETTY CORA MARRIETA, OF LOUDONVILLE, O., TAKES POISON AND FALLS DEAD IN THE ARMS OF HER BETROTHED.



SHE MADE THE BULLETS FLY.

MRS. D. S. LÖSEE, THE MONTGOMERY, ALA., TURFMAN'S WIFE, SHOOTS THE LATTER'S PARAMOUR AND IS SHOT AT HERSELF.



DRIVES HIS WIFE FROM HOME.

EDWARD KIPLINGER, A JEALOUS COLUMBUS, IND., HUSBAND, CREATES A SENSATION IN SOCIAL CIRCLES BY TURNING HIS WIFE ADRIFT AT NIGHT.



SUBDUED BY CHLOROFORM.

AN ALBANY, N. Y., GIRL DRUGGED AND BRUTALLY ASSAULTED, AS SHE ASSERTS, BY WILLIAM MURPHY.



## TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN PANTS.

They Come To New York  
And Do the Bowery.

BAXTER STREET SCARED 'EM

They Discard Their Pants and  
Get Into Some New Scrapes.

NOW THEY'RE IN A CONVENT.

Two little girls in pants. They visited the Bowery and Baxter street and did just what real boys would do. They thought they had a good time. Perhaps they did; but it's all over now. The two little girls are now in a Brooklyn convent, and they're not wearing pants, either.

How they came to get into this scrape they explain by saying: "We wanted to be boys, and we wanted to go on the stage."

The girls, Ella Pawelski and Agnes Potts, are seventeen and sixteen years of age, and they are pretty. Their homes were, until they ran away two weeks ago, in Paterson, N. J. Ella was employed in Mrs. Cleveland's boarding house at No. 17 Bridge street, Paterson. Agnes lived with her father, John Potts, a boiler-maker, in the rear of No. 495 Main street, in the same town.

Ella called herself Bill Ryan when she took off her skirts and put on the trousers, the coat and the waistcoat. Agnes adopted the name of Jack Sheppard, which has a strong tinge of romance, not to speak of a flavor of Newgate. It will avoid confusion to call Ella "Bill" when she wore masculine togs and to call Agnes "Jack." Besides, that suits their wishes and inclinations.

Having laid their plans to run away, Ella stole two "nobby pants," two coats, two shirts and some neckties. Agnes helped herself to two "pants," two hats, two coats and two shirts. So, between them, they stripped the wardrobes of Jacob Johnson and James McGinnis, who board with Mrs. Cleveland. Having bundled up these clothes, the two girls cunningly went to a barber shop on Grand street, Paterson. Snip, snip went the barber's scissors and their long hair disappeared. So much towards their metamorphoses into boys. But not enough. From the barber's the girls went to a dark basement in Jackson street, Paterson. They came out from the basement Bill and Jack. Bill had some money in his pocket that Ella had saved.

Two very good-looking young boys were on the train from Paterson that arrived in Jersey City at 11:30 P. M. that Saturday. Bill was the taller and the thinner. Jack was plump and had rosy cheeks and very bright blue eyes. The two boys boarded a ferryboat and started for New York. They stretched their legs out in the women's cabin and with the utmost assurance, looked about them. Two or three women noticed what extremely good-looking boys they were, and these women whispered to each other and smiled at Bill and Jack. The boys grew bolder. There was their first adventure ready to their hand. Bill and Jack smiled at two girls who sat opposite to them. The girls smiled in return and blushed and giggled. Bill and Jack winked, raised their hats and said "Ah, there!" in that careless manner that is so captivating to some ill-bred young women. The girls on the ferryboat nodded. Bill and Jack arose and seated themselves next to the girls. Before the ferryboat reached New York shore the girls had given their names to the pseudo boys. The girls gave their names and said they lived in Greenpoint. Bill and Jack made what they called "a date" and kissed the girls goodbye in a dark corner near the ferry-house. "A date" in ordinary language is an appointment.

Leaving these impressionable young women, Bill and Jack took the way of all countrymen. They wandered up the Bowery. But the Bowery is not what it used to be—was not, in fact, what Bill and Jack expected it to be. It grew later and later, midnight was far gone, and Bill and Jack were tired. They went into a cheap lodging-house and engaged a room together. They paid the unsuspecting night clerk his price for the room, and the clerk told his assistant to "take these kids upstairs." Bill and Jack went to their room. "Lodgings for men only" was the rule of the house, and Bill and Jack did not feel entirely at home. Over the partition came to their startled ears the snoring snores, the delirious mutterings, and the half uttered curses that make up the night sounds of a cheap lodging-house on the Bowery. Bill and Jack, fully dressed, sat on their bed until the friendly daylight came peeping in and reassured them. Then they ventured to go to sleep. They slept until 11 A. M. on Sunday. They awoke, put on their coats and "pants" and went to a neighboring restaurant, where they breakfasted. Then they walked down the Bowery past Chatham Square, until they reached Baxter street.

Their unaccustomed habit, or their gait, or their very, very green bearing called attention to Bill and Jack. Before they knew it a crowd of street gamins and Bowery gutter boys were tagging at their heels. These boys make their living by their wits, and their wits are as sharp as a razor. They followed Bill and Jack and pointed at them and called them "sisies," and at last began to hallow at them. Bill and Jack saw a policeman, and, frightened, they sheered off Park Row into Baxter street. They reached No. 6 Baxter street which, singularly enough is a second-hand clothing store, and, more singular still, is kept by a woman named Cohen. The crowd was at their heels.

"Do yer want some vine clothes to-day?" asked the "puller-in" in front of Mrs. Cohen's. Then he looked sharp at Bill and Jack.

"Girls, a' help me!" he exclaimed. Bill and Jack hurried into Mrs. Cohen's shop. Luckily that estimable woman has children of her own. She told Bill and Jack they ought to be ashamed of themselves. They began to cry and hid themselves in the cellar. Bill gave Mrs. Cohen \$1.35, and in consideration of that amount and of the clothes they wore Mrs. Cohen agreed to reconvert Bill and Jack

into Ella and Agnes. That was comparatively easy, for the infinite resources of Baxter street were at Mrs. Cohen's command. She skimmed among her neighbors, and, by purchase or barter, procured two linen wrappers, two hats, a shawl and a jacket. But they clung to the shirts and the trousers. When it grew dark Ella and Agnes climbed over the rear fence at Mrs. Cohen's to avoid the crowd that still lingered about the door. They found themselves in Pearl street.

That night Ella and Agnes took a ferryboat back to Jersey City. They went to Brother Newman's mission on Montgomery street and they were welcomed. But not at once. Brother Newman caught a glimpse of the trousers under the skirts of the wrappers. Brother Newman caught a glimpse of the trousers under the skirts of the wrappers. Brother Newman, as pastor, scented a fox trying to break into his fold. The matron of the mission or the matron of the nearest police station—Ella and Agnes are not certain which—was called in. Then they were welcomed. Brother Newman so moved them by his exhortations that they declared they were converted. Nevertheless they ran away from the mission. Returning to New York, they were lounging around Battery Park when a strange man approached them. He said something to them that so hurt their feelings that they began to cry. Then the man apologized and, giving them a dollar, told them to go home.

But instead of going home Ella and Agnes went to the Woman's Lodging House, No. 6 Rivington street. They left there the next morning and went to Brooklyn by way of the promenade of the big bridge. James Dougherty, a driver, who lives at No. 180 Ashford

stage of the People's Theatre under the name of the Howard Sisters. They had a sketch, they said, called "The Fifth Avenue Swells."

The following day they were sent to a Brooklyn convent.

### MRS. HALLIDAY BECOMES VICIOUS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

When Mrs. Bercher, the Sheriff's wife, entered Mrs. Halliday's cell in the jail in Monticello, N. Y., the other morning, with breakfast for the prisoner, she was immediately pounced upon by the woman, in a fit of real or assumed insanity, and nearly choked to death. Mrs. Bercher's screams brought her husband to her assistance, otherwise it is believed she would have been killed.

Mrs. Halliday sprang upon her victim with the agility and ferociousness of a tiger, and displayed strength that few women are possessed of.

It was with difficulty that the Sheriff and his assistants loosened her hold. After they had accomplished it, however, and placed her upon a couch she grew calmer, but when food was given her she dumped it into her lap and sat muttering incoherently.

Mrs. Halliday is the woman accused of murdering her husband and the two Quinlan women a short time ago.

### SHE MADE THE BULLETS FLY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The other morning Mrs. D. S. Losee, wife of James A. Losee, the turfman, who lives in the northern suburb of Montgomery, Ala., shot a colored woman named Harriet Lee, who lives a short distance from Montgomery. The colored woman, it is alleged, had been too intimate with Mrs. Losee's husband, and the shooting was Mrs. Losee's method of revenge. Three

further violence at her husband's hands spent the remainder of the night at the home of a friend.

Kiplinger is the manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company at Columbus, and he and his wife move in the city's best society. Mrs. Kiplinger is assistant operator in the Western Union office and a woman of prepossessing beauty. Owing to the high position occupied by the young couple in society the escapade is the reigning sensation of the day, and the talk was increased when it was learned that Mrs. Kiplinger had packed her clothes and boarded the train the next morning for her former home, Muncie, Ind. Shortly before her leaving they met at the telegraph office, and her husband ordered her to leave.

The cause of Mr. Kiplinger's action is due to reports which reached his ears a week ago connecting the name of his wife with that of a young man of high standing.

### JACK HICKEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jack Hickey, whose portrait appears in this issue, is a well-known 122-pound champion boxer, of North Adams, Mass. Hickey is ready to fight any one his weight for a purse, according to "Police Gazette" rules.

### "JIM CORBETT."

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page we publish a portrait of Jim Corbett, not the great boxer, but the champion 33-pound dog of Illinois. Jim Corbett is owned in St. Louis and can be matched to fight against any dog in America.

### MRS. DRIER'S EXCITING ADVENTURE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Sergt. Roulette, of the Long Island City police, discredits the startling story told by Saloonkeeper Carl Drier, of 237 Vernon avenue, that place, who alleges that he and his wife were the victims of masked burglars at 3 o'clock on Wednesday morning. Shortly after that hour Drier ran to the Second Precinct station and told Sergt. Roulette that he had been robbed of \$316.75. The next day the brewery collector called, but had to go away unpaid.

Mrs. Drier tells a straightforward story of the outrages she and her husband and servant were subjected to. She says that on the morning of the robbery she was awakened by a noise in her bedroom. It was her husband's birthday, and as she had not bought him a present she thought the person in her room was her husband playing a joke in searching her satchel, which contained \$16 belonging to the servant. Mrs. Drier says she shouted, "Come to bed, you fool; that's Martha's money."

She was almost frightened to death by the gruff reply, "Shut your mouth or I will blow your brains out." The next instant two other men with handkerchiefs over their faces entered the room and pointed revolvers at her and her husband, while the gruff-voiced man seized her husband and threatened to kill him if he didn't tell the combination of the safe. Fearing that the burglar would carry his threat into execution, Mrs. Drier begged him to spare her husband's life, saying that he didn't know the combination of the safe and that she would open it.

Two of the burglars then escorted her to the dining room, where the safe was, while a third kept guard over her husband, and the fourth guarded the servant. One of the burglars led her by the arm to the safe, while the other held a revolver close to her face. When she reached the dining-room she was so faint and nervous that one of the burglars steadied her hand while she turned the combination knob. The safe did not open at first and one of the burglars threatened to kill her. She begged them to leave her and they went out of the room into the saloon, where they pointed revolvers at her while she worked away at the combination.

The time, Mrs. Drier said, seemed like hours to her before she succeeded in opening the safe door. One of the burglars stood guard over her while the other rifled the safe of over \$300. She was then led back to her room. Here one of the masked men took her gold watch, but she pleaded with him so earnestly that he returned it to her. The four men then left the house by the side window, threatening to kill everybody if an outcry was made.

### HID THE GIRLS' SKIRTS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The young ladies at Washburn College, in Topeka, Kan., have a class in gymnastics and are required to dress in Turkish costume, using a long skirt to conceal their costumes while going to and from the gymnasium. Last week while they were going through their exercises one of the boys at the college removed their skirts from the dressing room, and it was some time before they could get back to their rooms without running the gauntlet of the male students. The facts were reported to the faculty, and upon investigation a student named Charles Paddock was found to be responsible for the caper, and it was decided to expel him, but his associates have rebelled and declare they will leave the school if such a penalty is imposed on Paddock. The faculty is giving it further consideration.

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TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN PANTS.

shots were fired, two of which flew wide of the mark. The third struck Harriet Lee in the right shoulder, inflicting a painful wound, but not regarded as serious. Mrs. Losee was put under arrest and taken to police headquarters where she was released under a bond of \$500.

When Mrs. Losee went to the police headquarters she preferred a charge of assault to murder against a colored man named Doc Lewis, and a warrant was sworn out for his arrest on that charge. Doc Lewis occupied a room in the house in which Harriet Lee lived, and Mrs. Losee states that after she had fired three shots at the woman Doc Lewis came out of the house and took her pistol from her, and then went back into the house, procured his own pistol and, returning, fired two shots at her, neither of which struck her.

### ELLIOTT YOUNG.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elliott Young, the famous wheelman, whose portrait appears on another page, is the one mile champion of the League of American Wheelmen, of Suffolk, N. Y. He promises to shine as a flyer.

### DRIVES HIS WIFE FROM HOME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The domestic relations of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kiplinger, of Columbus, Ind., are rent asunder by the jealous demonstrations on the part of the husband the other night. Shortly after midnight a woman's screams and cries of murder told upon the ears of Officer Haggerty, who was patrolling his regular beat. He hastened to the scene of the commotion, and found Mrs. Kiplinger in the street clad in scanty night clothing and laboring under intense excitement. She told the officer that her husband in a transport of jealous rage had choked her and attempted to kill her. She implored the officer to protect her, and for fear of

street, Brooklyn, had heard of the girls' elopement. Dougherty had been a policeman in Paterson and knew Ella and Agnes. As he was driving across the bridge he saw them walking. Dougherty followed them in his wagon and at the Brooklyn entrance to the bridge stopped them and questioned them. They could not deny their identity, so Dougherty turned them over to Policeman Kelly, of the Fulton street station.

There the two girls sat, now smiles, now tears. Every time the station house door opened they glanced fearfully at it, for they expected their parents, who had been summoned by the police. Ella declared that she "had one leg over the bridge" to commit suicide. Agnes asked a reporter to get her some Paris green. But each corroborated the other in the details that make up this interesting story. And both declared they were "good girls and would rather starve than be bad." Both declared, too, they wanted to go on the

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## CAUGHT IN A BAD SCRAPE

Mrs. Fisher and Her Paramour  
Followed to Jamaica, L. I.

HUBBY WAS ON HAND.

The Pretty Woman and Her  
Lover Beg For Their Lives.

HAD A VERY EXCITING TIME.

In the spring of 1891 George H. Fisher and Isabella Caswell were married in the Baptist church in Hanson place in Brooklyn. Bridesmaids were there and ushers and flowers and the wedding march from "Lohengrin." And the bride wore a white satin dress and a wreath of orange blossoms, and held against her breast a great bouquet of white roses, and lilies of the valley. Then they went on their honeymoon to the Falls of Niagara, and beheld the world through a glass that was of the tint of magenta.

Finally the tint faded away and they came back to Brooklyn, and George, looking about him—this time through a glass that was absolutely colorless—bought a retail liquor saloon on the corner of Fourth avenue and St. Mark's place, a wholesale liquor store next to the corner and half a dozen houses in the neighborhood. George was 29 and Isabella was 26. That was in the spring of 1892.

In the winter of 1892 James Rutherford came over from England with his wife, calling himself Frank Tittman, and posing as a blue man of the world. His father sent him money regularly, and his wife, who, to oblige him, had stooped to pass under the name of Mrs. Tittman, was willing to take boarders. And Mr. Rutherford—or, in order to facilitate the telling of the story, Mr. Tittman—being 5 feet 10 and possessing lustrous brown eyes of wonderful magnetic power, had nothing to do but admire himself.

Mr. Tittman thought the States were beastly. He preferred England. Nobody knows exactly why he ever left England, but Mr. Tittman took great pleasure in deriding and belittling things American and praising all things English. Mrs. Tittman was very meek. Four months ago the Tittmans moved to the top floor of the house in which the Fishers lived, the house on the corner of St. Mark's place and Fourth avenue. Mr. Fisher was constantly busy in his saloon and Mrs. Tittman was constantly occupied with her boarders. Mr. Tittman and Mrs. Fisher had nothing to do.

One day Mr. Tittman drank too much and spoke loosely of Mrs. Fisher.

"Fisher's no good," he said. "I've stolen his wife from him and he hasn't said a word. If he were a man he'd do something."

This came to Mr. Fisher's ears, and he was furious. His first impulse was to throw Mr. Tittman and his magnetic brown eyes out of the top-story window. Upon second thought, however, he laid the matter before several of his friends and asked them for advice. They shook their heads seriously and said: "You ought to do something."

Mr. Fisher ransacked his memory for some incident that might point to his wife's unfaithfulness, and, to his surprise, found a great many. He remembered then how, during the past few months, his wife had often gone away for two or three days to visit her relatives at Hempstead, and how Mr. Tittman and his eyes, magnetic and brown, had gone away on business trips at the same time. Mr. Fisher consulted his friend, Edward Downing, who is well versed in the duelling code, and asked him for advice.

"There's no doubt about it," Mr. Downing said. "You ought to do something."

It was arranged then that Mr. Downing should keep an eye on Mrs. Fisher, and if he found anything suspicious in her behavior to give Mr. Fisher his cue. "I've got to do something," Mr. Fisher said in a furious voice.

Nothing happened for several weeks. Mr. Tittman kept his magnetic eyes upstairs, and Mrs. Fisher remained at home and Mrs. Tittman attended to her boarders. On Saturday the denouement came. Mrs. Fisher said she was going to visit her relatives in Hempstead. Mr. Tittman and both of his eyes were going to New York on business. Mr. Fisher was furious, but his friend Downing calmed him, and said: "You remain here. I'll follow her, and if anything is wrong I'll let you know at once."

"I'll try to keep calm," Mr. Fisher said, "but for God's sake do something!"

Mr. Downing followed Mrs. Fisher to the Flatbush depot, and saw her buy a ticket to Jamaica, too. On the car Mrs. Fisher met Mr. Tittman. When they reached Jamaica they went to Pettit's Hotel and asked for a room. Mr. Pettit took one look at Mr. Tittman's magnetic brown eyes and at Mrs. Fisher's blushing

cheeks, and then said he was very sorry that the hotel was full, and, really—didn't they know?—he would have been only too—yes, of course. And, much chagrined, Mr. Tittman and Mrs. Fisher went down the street.

They came to Mrs. Hardenbrook's boarding house, which looked promising, and went in. Mr. Downing waited outside about ten minutes, to make sure that they were not coming out immediately, and then he ran to the nearest telephone station and telephoned to Mr. Fisher's store that the time to do something had come.

While Mr. Fisher was on his way to Jamaica, Mr. Downing summoned the Chief of Police, Justice of the Peace Hendrickson, two constables, a lawyer, and several other disinterested persons and laid the whole case before them. Justice Hendrickson shook his head seriously and said: "Something's got to be done."

"Yes," assented the Chief of Police, "but there must be no violence."

In a little while Mr. Fisher arrived. The Chief of Police looked at him anxiously, as if he feared he was going to begin to shoot on the spot.

"Are they here?" Mr. Fisher asked. There was an almost imperceptible tremor in his voice, but outwardly he was calm.

"They're in a boarding house up the street," said Justice Hendrickson in a very tragic voice. Now, what a queer thing human nature is! Mr. Fisher took a long, health-inspiring breath of air, and with a smile that was positively cheerful, said:

"Thank God! Now let's go there and be done with it!"



THE GUILTY COUPLE PLEADED FOR THEIR LIVES.

"Will you give us your word of honor," the Chief of Police asked, "that you will not shoot or attack that man in any way?"

Mr. Fisher laughed. "Oh, Lord! no," he answered, lightly. "I promise you I won't touch him."

Then they all went down the street and stole quietly up the stairs of the boarding house.

A servant knocked at Tittman's door, on the pretext that a message was to be delivered. Tittman opened the door and Fisher and the others pushed their way in. Tittman with but a single garment on his back, made for the window and was about to leap to the ground, thirty feet below, when the detective seized him. Mrs. Fisher was found, undressed, crouching behind the bed. She begged for mercy, and then Tittman fell on his knees and cried:

"For God's sake spare my life!"

The wife was dragged out, and there, before her husband, Justice of the Peace, Downing, and the detective, she, too, fell on her knees in terror. With tears streaming down her face she besought her husband not to shoot. He did nothing but said that he would get a divorce at once, and then formally introduced the guilty pair to the Justice of the Peace and the detective, that the latter might identify them in the future. This done, he hurried to the depot to take the Hampton train, so that he might inform his wife's parents of the affair.

As soon as she clothed herself Mrs. Fisher sent for Mrs. Hardenbrook and said that neither she nor Tittman had much money, but she promised to pawn her \$250 diamond ring, if necessary, to pay all bills. The Justice remained with the detective at the door to see what the Englishman would do. The latter's only desire seemed to be to get away. He said he would go to his wife and arrange matters as well as possible. Those who know him well believe that he wanted to beg her not to cable to his family, believing that if she should do so his all-welcome would be cut off. It is said that he expects to receive \$18,000 within a few days. He and the woman left the place together and

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went to Brooklyn, leaving the little town of Jamaica in an uproar.

Tittman is an athlete with a military bearing and a dark red moustache. Mrs. Fisher is a beautiful woman, of voluptuous mold, with very dark hair and a rich, peachy complexion.

### JOHN MULLIGAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

John Mulligan, whose portrait appears on another page, is one of the best known sporting men on Long Island. His popular resort The Bull's Head, at Fort Hamilton, is the headquarters for all the lovers of sport in that locality. Mr. Mulligan is the owner of the terrier bitch Mollie, weight 18 pounds, who has won fourteen battles. He is also the possessor of a fine pair of trotters, and almost every pleasant day he can be seen down the road behind them. He is considered an authority on all sporting matters.

### WORE HER BROTHER'S CLOTHES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Police circles in Macon, Ga., were enlightened the other morning by a novel sensation. One of the officers brought in a handsome young prisoner, dressed in men's clothes. The prisoner was a woman. She was Miss Marie Sheller, about twenty years old, who lives at the old Rutherford place, about three miles from the town. She is a dashing-looking girl, a fine horseback rider and a high roller. She is known as "the dizzy blonde," and is often seen riding a pony around town with a big, heavy revolver buckled to her saddle.

Miss Sheller first attracted public attention some months ago by the prosecution of a well-known young man of Macon. Two young gentlemen called on the girl at her father's and one of them was leaving the girl a loud scream that attracted her father's notice and he ran to her. She said that the young man had tried to drag her from the door. The irate father pursued the young gentleman, who was quite prominent and highly esteemed, captured him and led him by the horse bridle to the police station and had a case made against him. The young man denounced the accusation as false, and after being dragged through the police, city and superior courts was acquitted.

The other night, as she has done many a time before, she decided to go to town and whoop 'em up a few. She donned an outfit of men's clothing, and hit the town shortly after the peaceful shadows of eventide had shrouded the sphere

were absent from the house, a masked man entered and demanded a heavy sum of money which the woman was supposed to have. She denied that she had the money, and when the burglar attempted to search her she resisted and struck him. He shot and killed her.

The daughter attempted to escape, but was shot in front of the house. The murderer then coolly began to rob the premises. At this juncture the son returned and discovered the bodies of his sister and mother. He heard the murderer prowling around in the house and lay in wait for him with a pistol. He shot and killed the man as he was leaving the house. The murderer has not been identified.

### LITTLE TOMMY BUFFY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Although only twelve years of age, "Little" Tommy Buffy has won the title of the "Boy Wonder of Pennsylvania." When in trim Tommy weighs 65 pounds, and at that weight he has won three fights in Cleveland, O., and two out of three four-round bouts in Pittsburg, Pa. Tommy is remarkably clever and a stayer for a boy of his age. His friends are willing to back him against any boy his weight in the State. Tommy's portrait appears on another page.

### SUBDUED BY CHLOROFORM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A pretty girl, about twenty years old, called on Dr. McAviney in Buffalo, N. Y., the other morning and asked to have a black eye and a few scratches on her face dressed. She was in a highly hysterical condition.

She said that as she was passing along Church street, at 8 o'clock the previous night, William Murphy asked her to come to his mother's store and see a new dress pattern. She went into the store, where she ascertained that Murphy choked her and chloroformed her. When she came to her senses the next morning she found herself bound hand and foot with ropes and her clothing almost entirely stripped off. Late in the afternoon Murphy was arrested. The girl is a domestic, and bears a good reputation.

### SLAUGHTER ENDS A WEDDING FEAST.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Douglasville, a small colony, a few miles southwest of Abilene, Tex., was the scene of a double and bloody tragedy the other night.

Trinidad Romer, a young Mexican, thirty years old, was killed by Julius Larinski, a Polish settler. Romer was desperately enamored of the only daughter of Larinski and his suit was favored by the girl's father, but she had fixed her affections on another man. The favored suitor was of her own race in the person of

Nathan Sorowski. Sorowski had little to offer other than his love, while Romer was considered very wealthy.

Recently Larinski informed Romer that he looked upon his suit with favor, and that if he could arrange to put Sorowski out of the way that he could no longer push his suit he would give him the hand of his daughter in marriage.

Shortly afterward Sorowski disappeared as if swallowed up by the earth, leaving smooth sailing for Romer, who was married to Miss Larinski. At the wedding feast Romer acquired a high degree of beastly intoxication, and boasted of the fact that he had killed Sorowski, and that he was abetted in his crime by Larinski.

This so enraged the newly-wedded Mrs. Romer that she attempted to cut the throat of her husband with a butcher knife, and was only prevented by her father stepping up and wrenching it from her. Then the bride thought that all were leagued against her, and with a despairing cry she turned from her

husband and plunged the keen blade into her own white throat, cutting it from ear to ear, and then fell dead.

This crazed Larinski and looking upon Trinidad Romer as the sole cause of the tragedy he emptied both barrels of his shot gun into his body with fatal effect.

The strangest part of the whole weird and almost impossible story lies in the fact that Sorowski who was supposed to have been murdered by Romer, should return the next morning just after the double killing.

He made the statement that he was hired about a month since by Romer for the sum of \$13 to go to Elby, N. M., and see a man about a projected cattle deal.

On his arrival there he declares he learned that no such person had ever lived there or had been there at any time. He then returned to Douglasville.

### AARON MILLER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Aaron Miller, whose portrait appears in this issue, is the famous wrestler of Buffalo, N. Y. Miller wants to wrestle all comers according to "Police Gazette" rules.

### A COLUMBUS, OHIO, SENSATION.

Louis Dingler, one of the best known barkeepers in Columbus, Ohio, and Mrs. Lucy Dowell, wife of A. T. Dowell, a Third street groceryman, were arrested recently under sensational circumstances. They were found by Detective Schlesinger at No. 192 Scioto street occupying the same room at midnight, and were locked up at the Central Police Station.

The charge against them is adultery. The arrest is the outgrowth of a suit for divorce instituted by Dingler some months ago, and the arrest is intended to have a bearing on the result.

Mrs. Eiva Dingler, the plaintiff in the divorce suit, was found by her husband in Mine Drain's assignation house, on Pearl street, last April, in company with Frank Albright, a well-known commercial traveler.

"A She Devil," No. 12 of Fox's Sensational Series. Spicy text and numerous pictorial illustrations. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

### KILLED A COWARDLY ASSASSIN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Meagre details of a triple tragedy, which occurred the other night at Riverton, a small town on the Tennessee river, in Alabama, reached here recently. Mrs. Davis, a wealthy widow, lived two miles from town. The family consisted of her son, aged sixteen, a daughter of eighteen, and two servants.

Early the other evening, while the son and servants





A COLLEGE GIRL'S THROAT CUT.

HER FATHER'S HIRED MAN BRUTALLY ASSAULTS HER, MURDERS HER AND THEN TRIES TO KILL HIMSELF, AT ALLIANCE, O.



AVENGED HER ALLEGED WRONGS.

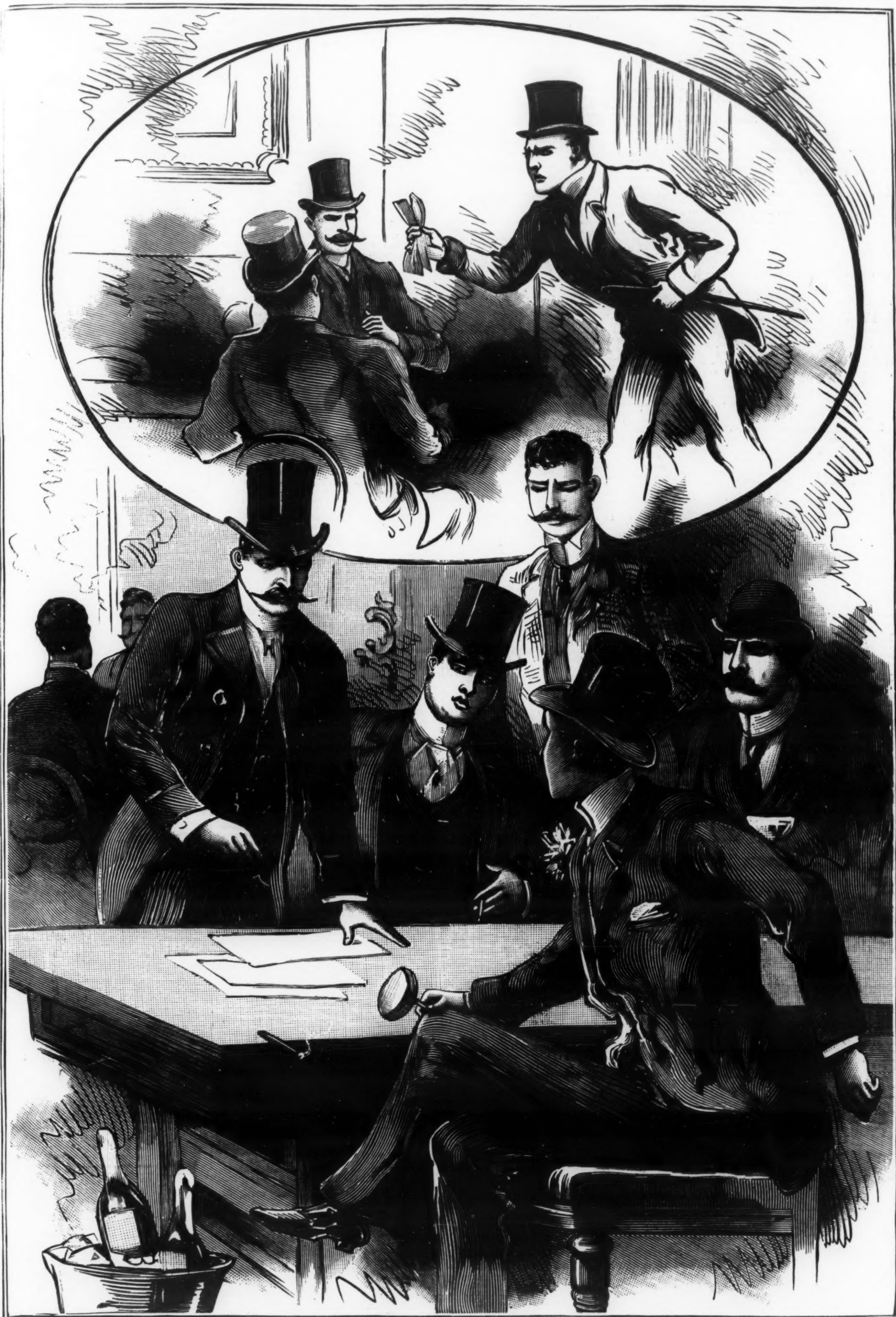
A PRETTY WEST HOBOKEN, N. J., GIRL THROWS A PITCHER OF VITRIOL OVER HER 'LOVER AND SEVERELY BURNS HIM.



HID THE GIRL'S SKIRTS.

WICKED BOYS OF THE WASHBURN, KAN., COLLEGE PLAY TRICKS ON THE PRETTY FEMALE STUDENTS,





CORBETT AND MITCHELL MATCHED AGAIN.

THE ENGLISHMAN AND THE AMERICAN CHAMPION'S MANAGER MEET IN THE "POLICE GAZETTE" OFFICE AND AGREE TO BATTLE IN JACKSONVILLE, FLA., ON JAN. 25.



## SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

THREE GRADES - SPECIAL MAKE!  
POLICE GAZETTE  
STANDARD BOXING GLOVES

**CHAMPION-Tan or Brown Kid.**  
Two Four, Five, Six and Eight Ounce. Price, Per Set of Four, \$7.50.

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Kid. Six and Eight Ounce. Price, Per Set of Four, \$4.00.

**AMATEUR-White Kid Only. Six**  
and Eight Ounce. Price, Per Set of Four, \$1.00.

**The Best Made and Finest Glove in the Market.**

Made from the best quality Kid and stuffed with the finest grade of curled hair. Every glove absolutely perfect. No gloves sent C. O. D. Cash must accompany all orders. Address:

**RICHARD K. FOX,**  
Franklin Square, New York.

The following special cable was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

LONDON, Nov. 17, 1893.  
Lord Londale has received a letter from Richard K. Fox which states that rather than see the Corbett and Mitchell fight for the boxing championship of the world, he will give £200 towards a £500 purse, providing that Lord Londale and his friends will make up the remainder of the purse. He will also give a trophy valued at \$5,000 to represent the boxing championship of the world, a facsimile of the "Police Gazette" heavyweight championship belt, and he will allow Lord Londale to make arrangements to bring off the contest either in England or on the continent.

**GEO. W. ATKINSON.**  
Billy Madden is looking for a likely heavy-weight to go against Con Riddan.

Jim Hall magnanimously says that he will take on Alex Gregorina for a reasonable stake in private.

Madden's Black Cyclone says he will try a go at Billy Smith or his trainer, Billy Hennessey, for a purse.

Billy Ernst can get on another fight with Leeds if he can raise \$5,000. The Atlantic City man's figures are pretty high.

Con Coughlin hasn't yet been convinced that nature never intended him to be a fighter. He is trying to arrange a match with Con Riddan.

Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, is making bids to fight any middleweight in the country. The top of the Cooler's not must have holes in it.

If Kid Sullivan, of North Platte, Neb., desires to arrange a foot race he can be accommodated by going to St. Louis, Neb., and inquiring for James McClung.

Billy Campbell, of North Adams, Mass., writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he will fight George Dickinson with hard gloves before any club in Boston or Providence, for a purse.

The London Field takes the Valkyrie's defeat terribly to heart. It thinks the Viking cannot cross the ocean and dares her to do it. The real reason for this request is the desire to feast British eyes on a real fast boat.

"Billy" Smith, of Boston, champion welter-weight of the world, has issued a challenge to "Dick" O'Brien, of Lewiston, Me., for a fight to a finish for \$5,000 or \$10,000, and offers \$1,000 bonus if he is not worsted in six rounds.

Tommy Ryan, the welterweight champion pugilist of America, has joined hands with Sam Merritt, of Bridgeport, Conn., and opened a sporting house at 25 Middle street, Bridgeport. Both Ryan and Merritt belong to the people and should do well in harness.

Harry Dunn writes from Victoria, B. C., to the POLICE GAZETTE as follows:

"I hereby challenge any wrestler in America to wrestle a five seven style match for \$1,000 a side, at any time within three months and at any place on the Pacific coast. Wrestlers can communicate direct or through the Victoria Colonist. I should particularly like to hear from D. W. McLeod."

Henry Munroe and Jack Maloney fought for a purse and the stone 8-pound championship of England in the Kensington Social Club, London, England, on October 31. Barney Sheppard and Bob Kibby seconded Maloney, while Barney Hyams and George Johnson seconded Munroe. Nine rounds were fought when Maloney, who was the strongest, drove Munroe to the ropes and knocked him out. Both men were badly punished, especially Munroe.

James McClung, the Village Blacksmith, of Rockville, Neb., writes as follows to the POLICE GAZETTE: "A new stand has been started in this place, and the POLICE GAZETTE is being handled and read with interest. We are inclined to be quite sporting and want the POLICE GAZETTE for it is the best sporting paper in America. We have several local runners in this country. We are prepared to run most anybody. We will match Henry Crook, to run 75 yards or John Rucker to run 100 yards for from \$100 to \$250 against any local. Anybody wishing a race can be accommodated by notifying me here, we mean business and will give any stranger a fair deal, as we think we have runners. First come first served."

Dick Keating the well-known pugilist of Danville, Ill., writes to the POLICE GAZETTE as follows:

"I see it reported that Charles Wickard, of Peoria, Ill., knocked me out in five rounds. The truth of the matter is this: We were to fight to a finish at Marshallfield, Ind., on October 2, 1893, but when we arrived in Marshallfield the Sheriff would not allow the fight to go to a finish. We sparred five rounds and I had the best of the bout in every way. The referee and time-keeper's signatures are to substantiate what I say. Hoping you will correct this in your next issue."

I am yours respectfully, **DICK KEATING.**  
Timekeeper, Joe C. Miller; Keating's second, S. C. Henderson; Wickard's second, S. L. Holbrook; A. L. Soucie, referee.

The following challenge to barbers has been received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

WILMINGTON, N. C., Nov. 13, 1893.

RICHARD K. FOX—Take up that challenge to compete with J. W. Yarnough in cutting hair, trimming beard, or anything else in the barber's line. You can communicate with him and see what day he wants the contest to take place.

**GEO. W. TELFAIR.**

Eugene Hornbacher called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and left the following challenge:

RICHARD K. FOX—Seeing that Andrew Howard, of Chicago, wants to match Charles Eckhardt against me, I will fight him to a finish at 118 pounds, weight in at the ring side for a stake and purse. I will go to Chicago if they allow me expenses. Any club will suit me. **EUGENE HORNBACHER, New York.**

In London, England, on October 31, Francis T. Bowen started to beat the twenty-five mile tricycle record which he was successful, and commenced cutting world's records at 2 miles (time, 5 minutes 11 4-5 seconds, against 5 minutes 12 3-5 seconds, against Stroud 5 minutes 47 3-5 seconds. After three miles Bowen dropped behind, but picked up British records at fifteen miles (time, 40 minutes 12 3-5 seconds, previous best 40 minutes 14 3-5 seconds, against Stroud). Twenty-two miles were covered by Bowen in 50 minutes 1 3-5 seconds, Stroud's previous best being 50 minutes 43 3-5 seconds. At twenty-three miles Bowen was again inside world's record, his time being 1 hour 1 minute 39 3-5 seconds, against Dr. Tur-

ner's 1 hour 5 minutes 30 4-5 seconds. Bowen covered twenty-five miles in 1 hour 7 minutes 6 3-5 seconds, the previous best being by Dr. E. B. Turner, 1 hour 11 minutes 15 4-5 seconds. Bowen covered 25 miles 440 yards in the hour, the beaten record being 25 miles 304 yards by himself.

The following challenge was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

CHICAGO, Nov. 16, 1893.  
RICHARD K. FOX—Jack Graham, of Wabash, and Andrew Zimmerman, the champion heavyweight of the Northwest, have been matched to wrestle catch-as-catch-can, "Police Gazette" rules for \$500 a side and the championship of the Northwest. The match will be decided in the Opera House here on the 25th inst. Zimmerman will wrestle any man in America, win or lose with Graham, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, excepting Evan Lewis, the stranger.

The following was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office Nov. 17:

CHARLESTON, W. Va.  
The glove fight between Jimmy Murray, of Louisville, and Hite Peckham, of Charleston, for a purse of \$1,000 and the light-weight championship of the State, was decided in the Elk Athletic Club, at this place. The men fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, and each weighed 135 pounds. Ten rounds were contested when Peckham landed a right-hand cross-counter on Murray's jaw and he fell from the blow. Murray was completely knocked out and Pat Crowley, the referee, declared Peckham the winner.

Billy Smith, who claims to be the 110-pound champion of England and, recently forward a challenge to this country that he would fight any 110-pound man in America for \$100 or \$200 and the largest purse offered by any club in England. Now, if Smith is in earnest there is every prospect of an international match being arranged. Charley Kelly, who, during the past month has been leaving no stone unturned to try and arrange a match with Billy Plimmer or Martin Fisher, Billy Madden's champion, has decided to go to England and fight Smith if either the National Sporting or the Bollbrooke Club will put up a purse and allow him expenses. Recently Kelly, with his backer, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and left the following reply to the English champion's challenge:

NEW YORK, Nov. 9, 1893.  
RICHARD K. FOX—Seeing that Billy Smith, who claims to be the 110-pound champion of England, is anxious to fight any man in America in the National Sporting Club, London, England, at 110-pounds I will fight Smith any time he names providing the National Club will defray my expenses to England. Awaiting an early business reply, I remain,  
**CHARLEY KELLY.**

The above was cabled to England.  
John L. McLean called at the POLICE GAZETTE office with George Trefel, of Harlem, N. Y., and left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Nov. 11, 1893.  
RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Having learned that Fred Ruppert, of Ninety-first street and Third avenue, has been boasting that he can defeat me in the prize ring according to "Police Gazette" rules, I wish to state I thrashed Ruppert and five of his adherents once, and I think I can give him another lesson in boxing. If Ruppert means business I will fight him for \$500 or \$1,000 according to "Police Gazette" rules, with any style of gloves he may select. To prove I am in earnest and not boasting, like Ruppert, I have posted \$100 with a responsible party for Ruppert and his backer to cover, and when my backer's \$100 is covered I will meet Ruppert and his backer to sign articles, and will be prepared to enter the ring in six weeks. Now, if the alleged champion of the Twenty-fifth Assembly District means business, let him put up  
**JOHN L. McLEAN.**

McLean is a bigger man than John L. Sullivan. He stands 6 feet 3 1/2 inches and weighs 235 pounds. He keeps a sporting house at 43 East Ninety-first street, and is a pupil of Dominick McCaffrey, and he is a clever boxer. Ruppert is also a giant, he stands 6 feet in height and weighs 210 pounds and has the reputation of being a rough and tumble fighter. Ruppert has been boasting he can defeat McLean and claims he has backing for \$1,000.

Theodore George, of Greece, who claims to be the champion wrestler of that country, writes as follows from Chicago to the POLICE GAZETTE:

"I see that Ernest Reber has deposited \$100 to wrestle Duncan C. Ross, or any other man in the United States. I am prepared to meet him Greek Roman or catch-as-catch-can style for any amount he wishes to put up. My backer, Mr. T. S. Corrigan, has \$250 deposited at room 608, Title & Trust Company building, 100 Washington street, Chicago, as a forfeit. I am very anxious to make a match with Mr. Reber."

Captain L. Brennan, of West Superior, writes as follows to the POLICE GAZETTE:

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., Nov. 11, 1893.  
I see that Joe P. Barry, the champion light-weight wrestler, announces that he is willing to meet any 125 pound man. I wish to state that if Mr. Barry means business, I have a man here that will wrestle him any way he wants at 125 pounds, for \$100 to \$500 a side. The party I have here is George W. Curtis, the champion light-weight boxer or wrestler of the Northwest. Please state that I would like to hear from Mr. Barry as soon as possible.  
**CAPT. L. BRENNAN.**

William McDonald, who fought Bob Cunningham in the Nonpareil Club on Oct. 16 and was defeated by a curious decision of the referee, so he claims, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office with his backer, Tom Crimmins, of Elm Park, Staten Island, and left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Nov. 13, 1893.  
RICHARD K. FOX—Not being satisfied with my last contest with Bob Cunningham I will arrange a match to fight him at 115 pounds for \$100 to \$500 a side. The fight to take place private. I will meet Cunningham any day he names to arrange a match.  
**WM. McDONALD.**

The challenge of Mlle. Roberta, the female champion of Europe, to contend against any strong woman in the world has not with the following response:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1893.  
RICHARD K. FOX, Dear Sir—I have read the challenge in the POLICE GAZETTE of Miss Roberta, the strong woman of Havana, Cuba. If this strong woman is looking for a match and is anxious to meet the champion of the world in contesting for strength let her deposit money with the POLICE GAZETTE and I will cover every dollar she puts up. Money talks. Put up or shut up. I mean business and don't look for free ads. I accept Miss Roberta's challenge and I hope she will put up her money in the hands of the POLICE GAZETTE. I will stand expenses to New York and return to Havana, Cuba, if Miss Roberta will meet me in a contest in feats of strength. **MISS MINKEY.**

The "Police Gazette" Champion Strong Woman of the World.

Col. J. D. Hopkins, the backer of Tom Tracey and Dan Creedon, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, recent y to find out if Dick Burge, of Newcastle, Eng., had covered the \$500 deposit put up to match Tom Tracey against Burge. He was informed Burge had made no reply to his challenge. Col. Hopkins did not take down his \$500, but left it up to match Tracey to fight any 145-pound man in the world, or Dan Creedon against any 155-pound man in the world. He also stated that if Warren Lewis is anxious to back Myatrosin Billy Smith for \$1,000 or \$2,500 a side, all Lewis has to do is to cover the \$500 deposit. He will also match Creedon to fight Dick Moore, who recently defeated Buffalo Costello. Col. Hopkins says: "It is reported that Moore's backer has posted money to fight Creedon, but I do not know who holds it. If Moore wants to fight he can forward money to Richard K. Fox and arrange a match."

The following was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office from Chicago:

RICHARD K. FOX—I will back Charles Eckardt, the El Paso Cyclone, against Eugene Hornbacher, Jerry Barnett, Edith Myer or any 118 pound man living. Eugene Hornbacher prefers d for \$500 to \$1,000 a side. I wish to state that if Eugene Hornbacher will post a forfeit I will cover it and sign articles to box him at 118 pounds, or any man in America.  
**ANDREW HOWARD.**

Four Famous Fighters, Tom Hyer, Yankee Sullivan, John Morrissey, John C. Hennan, Their Lives and Battles, complete in one book, sent by mail to any address. Price 25 cents. **RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.** Franklin Square, New York.

## MITCHELL AND CORBETT SIGN.

The Two Pugilists Agree to  
Fight In Jacksonville, Fla.

NO FEAR OF INTERFERENCE.

[SUMMARY OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The long pending fist encounter between Jim Corbett, of San Francisco, Cal., and Charley Mitchell, of London, England, has at last been arranged, and the two famous prize ring gladiators will battle according to "Police Gazette" rules in Jacksonville, Fla., under the auspices of the Duval Athletic Club, on January 25 for a purse of \$50,000 and the boxing championship of the world. It has taken nearly three weeks to arrange a match.

On Nov. 14 a meeting was held at the Godney House, New York, between Mitchell, William Brady, Corbett's manager, and Henry Mason, of Jacksonville. Mitchell was represented by Joe Thompson, the well-known bookmaker, and Billy Thompson, of Australia. The meeting was held with closed doors, and the only other persons present were Joe Vendig (Glenar Joe) Wm. E. Harding, the sporting editor of the Duval Club representative, to assist in arranging the match; H. B. Hackett and Dan Smith, of the New York Herald.

Articles of agreement almost identical with those recently forwarded to New Orleans were spread upon the table. Besides an instrument bearing the signatures of two prominent merchants of the town in question, guaranteeing protection to the principals before and after the fight, was exhibited.

Nor was this all. Mr. Mason had in his inside pocket \$5,000, which he offered to divide between Mitchell and Corbett as soon as the papers were properly signed.

The articles of agreement were read. There was a clause that if the contest was beginning to be brutal, that the referee should have the power to stop it and declare the boxer having the best at it the winner. This clause was struck out, it being decided that a referee had no power to stop a contest. After the articles were read by Joe Vendig, Mitchell pursued the protocol and appeared satisfied with the conditions, but he wanted to know if the Duval Club was responsible, and who was to hold the money. The representative of the Duval Club stated that he was satisfied to deposit the money with the POLICE GAZETTE. Mitchell said he was satisfied with the POLICE GAZETTE holding the forfeit money, but that he wanted the purse posted with the referee.

The question then came up in regard to who should be the referee. Al Smith, Jerry Dunn, Wm. E. Harding and John Duffy of New Orleans, were named, but the matter was dropped because it was intimated that neither Al Smith or Wm. E. Harding would accept. Brady, who was in a hurry, was ready to sign, but Mitchell stated that he would not sign any articles in New York State, or even leave the State to sign articles because he did not want to be amenable to the law. He said if he could find out that the contest could be brought off in Jacksonville that he would go there to meet Corbett.

Joe Vendig said Phil Dwyer, the turfman, would guarantee the responsibility of the parties who were giving the purse. Mitchell said if Phil Dwyer said everything would be all right he would agree to meet Corbett, but not on Jan. 4, any time between the 10th and 15th of January. Mitchell then asked Mr. Mason where the purse was. Mason said he had the certified checks with him ready to put up as soon as the articles of agreement had been signed.

The newspaper men who were present, at the suggestion of Manager Brady, were then asked to leave the room, as well as all parties not directly interested. A secret meeting was held between Mitchell, Brady and the Duval Club representative. What arrangements were made or discussed only the parties themselves are aware of.

Proceeding to the Hoffman House, Mitchell and Joe Thompson found Phil Dwyer and Mr. Mason. For perhaps an hour they talked over the match. Later on Brady had another talk with the British champion, who asked that Jan. 25 be substituted for Jan. 4, as the date of the contest. One more wrangle, Brady said Corbett would lose a ton of money if he threw up his holiday days. Finally Mitchell announced his ultimatum.

"I will fight before the Duval Athletic Club," he said, in the presence of so great a crowd that Billy Edwards and Detective Jacobs began to think of ejection notices. "I'll fight him on Jan. 25. I have not \$5,000 of my own to put up as a guarantee of my appearance in the ring. D. H. Blanchard, of Boston, holds \$10,000 of mine. Half of that will suit nicely for my guarantee. I'll bet Corbett the balance I will win him, and there you are."

Brady warmed up at once, and tried to make a better arrangement from his point of view. But Mitchell was obdurate. Rising from his chair, Brady exclaimed excitedly:

"Well, we'll accept that proposition or any other proposition you may choose to make, Mr. Mitchell."

"Good," remarked Mitchell.

"And what's more," cried the highstrung manager for the other side, "I'll bet you \$1,000 to-morrow that you don't get in the ring with Corbett."

Mitchell smiled at this and suggested that the money be put up at once. Joe Thompson rose in sight and offered to make such a bet with Brady several times.

"I'll accommodate you," said Corbett's manager, "and I shall have a provision that if there is any police interference and I do not prove positively that Mitchell caused it, I'll lose my money."

By this time everybody in the cafe was listening to the argument, and it was thought advisable that an adjournment be taken.

No articles were signed, but before many days they will be if Mitchell keeps his word.

As fist matters now stand the men will fight at the Jacksonville Club on the evening of Jan. 25 next. The club will give a purse of \$20,000, and as soon as articles are signed will pay Mitchell and Corbett \$2,500 each for training and traveling expenses.

Of the \$20,000 stake now in the hands of Dave Blanchard, the Boston sporting man, \$10,000 will be drawn down—\$5,000 by each man. This will be done at Mitchell's request.

When the meeting broke up Mitchell and Brady explained their views freely and each gave it as their distinct opinion that the other side wasn't on the level.

"That man will never get in the ring with Corbett," said Brady. "You'll see, you'll see, and as he vanished up Broadway he waved his arm in the air and repeated, 'you'll see.'"

"That man Brady has been making cracks at me ever since I came to this country," said Mitchell to his group of bystanders. "I'd like to know what I've done to make him think I'm afraid to meet him. I simply want my rights."

There is likely to be a hitch on the question of referee. Mitchell says he will agree to Al Smith or George Siler. Brady says Mr. Smith won't agree to referee, but the opinion of the sports uptown was that he would fight rather than break up the fight.

Mitchell says he will not allow the referee to enter the ring. "You can't find anything in the rules which says the referee must be in the ring," said the Englishman, "and if both men were tired a referee might be an important factor in settling the fight. There are lots of things he might do to give one man an advantage."

On November 15 the men met again with their representatives.

With the exception of one or two changes the same articles of agreement as drawn up by the Olympic Club, of New Orleans, will govern the match. W. A. Brady signed for Corbett and Mitchell will affix his signature in a day or two. The fight will be for a purse of \$50,000, guaranteed by the Jacksonville club, and a bet of \$5,000 a side. Each of the principals has been given \$2,500 for training expenses. Dave Blanchard, of Boston, who holds \$20,000 belonging to the pugilists, will retain half of

this amount to guarantee the appearance of the men in the ring, and he will forward the other \$10,000 to Al Smith, who has been chosen by the pugilists to hold the side bet.

Maxey Moore, of the New York Athletic Club, was agreed upon as referee.

The following articles were then signed:

We, the undersigned, James J. Corbett of California, and Charley Mitchell, of England, do hereby agree to engage in a glove contest before the Duval Athletic Club, of Jacksonville, Fla., on the night of January 25, 1894, at 9 p. m. sharp, for a purse of twenty thousand (\$20,000) dollars, the winner to receive all.

The contest to be with the smallest gloves allowed by law, said gloves to be furnished by James J. Corbett (the gloves to be of ordinary make, with finger holes and nothing in the way of centre padding). The Marquis of Queensberry rules to govern the contest; said rules to be followed in every instance and particular by the referee.

The club is to select an official timekeeper, each of the principals reserving the right to appoint a timekeeper to represent himself, said timekeeper to be subject to the approval of the club.

Should either of the principals commit a deliberate foul, thereby injuring the other's chances of winning, the one so doing shall lose all interest in the aforesaid purse.

To guarantee the faithful performance of the above obligations each principal hereby agrees to deposit the sum of \$5,000 in the hands of David H. Blanchard, of Boston, to guarantee their appearance in the ring at the appointed time.

The Duval Athletic Club hereby guarantees both principals in this contest absolute protection before and after the contest in regard to all and any interference on the part of city or State authorities, and to pay all expenses that said principals may be forced to expend to free themselves from any interference on the part of Florida authorities, city or State.

The referee will not be allowed in the ring during the contest.

If either of the men hug and refuse to break away at the referee's demand, or if either man foul the other, the offender shall be disqualified. This was agreed upon by both Mitchell and Brady.

This settled, the wager by Brady was taken up, and, after some discussion, a paper stipulating its terms was drawn up. Mitchell deposited in the hands of Joe Vendig \$1,000 earlier in the day, and this amount was covered by Corbett's manager, who bets that Mitchell will not appear in the ring on the date named. A proviso was inserted to the effect that in the event of any interference with the contest Brady would assume to prove to the satisfaction of Phil Dwyer, who is to hold the money, that Mitchell had a hand in the interference. Should he be successful in this, Brady wins; otherwise the money is to be drawn in case the fight does not come off.

Mr. Erlanger, of the theatrical firm of Kew & Erlanger, who happened to be present, offered to bet \$5,000, taking the Mitchell end of the proposition, and, for that matter, the English champion himself said that he would like to place a few more bets on the same basis.

Mitchell left for Syracuse at 9 o'clock that night. He began his engagement with Powers & Edwards in that city but as it is necessary for him to go into training pretty soon for the fight he will not have an opportunity of drawing his \$2,000 a week salary many times, unless he should be successful in the championship contest. Where he will train has not yet been decided upon, but in all probability he will select quarters somewhere in the Peninsular State.

Brady had a long talk with Corbett over the telephone. The American champion will continue his training at Asbury Park for several weeks at least. The probabilities are that he will put on the finishing touches somewhere in the vicinity of Jacksonville. Mr. Mason left for Florida the next day. And now sportsmen of a speculative turn of mind may go ahead backing their opinions as to the probable result of the fight.

## YALE WINS AGAIN.

The football game between the University of Pennsylvania and Yale College was played in New York on Nov. 11. The following were the teams etc:

Yale.	Position.	U. of P.
Conrad	Left End	Simmons
Beard	Left Tackle	Mackay
McCreary	Left Guard	Woodruff
Sullivan	Center	Thompson
Hickok	Right Guard	Wharton
Murphy	Right Tackle	Oliver
Treadway	Right End	Newton
Morris	Quarter-back	Vall
Thorne	Left Half-back	Knipe
Armstrong	Right Half-back	Knipe
Butterworth	Full-back	Knipe

Play began at 3:35 o'clock.  
The first half was hotly contested, and Pennsylvania put up a hot game throughout. Both sides changed their tactics frequently, and the time was nearly exhausted when Butterworth secured a touchdown, and Hickok sent the ball over the goal.

The score for the first half was Yale, 6; Pennsylvania, 0.

Play was resumed at 3:55 o'clock. Yale, by a series of rushes, forced the ball to Pennsylvania's 15-yard line, then lost it on four downs. Vall was seriously hurt at this point. He has been out of condition for several weeks, and he suffered a serious wrench to his back, which laid him out completely. He was carried off the field and Williams took his place. A hard fight followed. Newton was hurt and Reesegarten took his place. Yale at 4:31 made a second touchdown, but Hickok failed to kick a goal. Score: Yale, 12; Pennsylvania, 6.

Pennsylvania then made a series of brilliant plays, and secured a touchdown by Knipe, who also kicked the goal. Score: Yale, 12; Pennsylvania, 6.

Yale followed with another touchdown by Hickey. Hickok failed to kick the goal. Score: Yale, 14; Pennsylvania, 6.

The crowd bothered the players from this time out by pushing on the grounds, and time was called without either side scoring again.

Richard K. Fox, with Mrs. Richard K. Fox,

and his son Charles James Fox, arrived from a tour through Europe on the "Campania" to-day. That great sporting mogul appeared to have benefited by his trip which was one of business combined with pleasure. He appeared pleased to hear that Charley Mitchell and Jim Corbett had been matched. He said: "When the National Sporting Club, of London were trying to raise a purse I offered to put up \$25,000 toward it, also to give a championship trophy. Value \$25,000 for Corbett and Mitchell to contend for, and to represent the boxing championship of the world. I shall give this trophy in any event, as there is no belt representing the championship according to the rules they now fight by; for pugilists nowadays fight with gloves for the championship, instead of according to London prize ring rules."

Mr. Fox says boxing is all the rage in England and seldom a day passes without a competition or a prize fight with gloves; this mainly sport is legal there. Lord Londale and himself having tested the case two years ago, and won at considerable expense. He said during his sojourn in Europe, he had given champions trophies for swimming, jumping, etc., and he had the pleasure of seeing the fastest mile ever swum in water in the race for one of his trophies, by Joe Nattal. He appeared surprised when he heard James Walter Kennedy had lifted the "Police Gazette" 1,200-pound dumb-bell, but he supposed Kennedy had lifted it fairly when the judges were representatives of the New York Herald and New York Sun. He said he would have another dumb-bell made to weigh 1,500 pounds and that he would give a trophy valued at \$1,500 to any athlete who could lift it. In regard to the Mitchell-Corbett fight for \$50,000, with boxing championship, Mr. Fox said both are first-class boxers and he had no choice, but he trusted the contest would be brought off in a sportsmanlike manner, and the best man would win.—New York Daily News.

Colored Champions of the Prize

Ring, from Mollanx, of the past, to Peter Jackson, of the present. Men of great and brave who have earned wealth and fame in the squared circle. A history of famous prize-ring battles in two continents. Sent by mail to any address. Price 35 cents. **RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.** Franklin Square, New York.



## WHEELMAN JOHNSON'S RACES.

James C. Medway, the "Police Gazette" champion trick jumper of America, is greatly disappointed because Darby, the champion trick jumper of England, refused to arrange a match with him, although after he came to this country he issued a challenge to jump against any man.

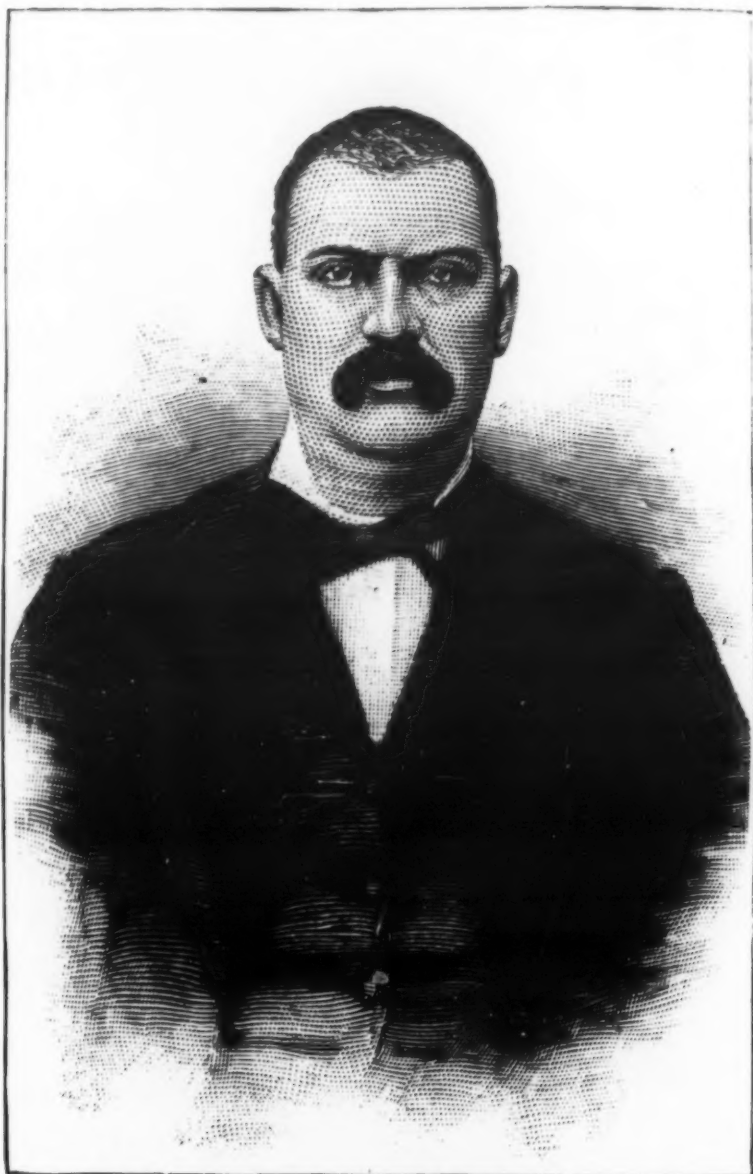
*Charles Mitchell, Champion of England.* His record in the ring, with portrait of Mitchell. Also contains portraits and records of all the English champions from Tom Figg. First champion, down to the present day. Price cents by mail. **RICHARD K. FOX**, Franklin Square, New York.

A. G. W., Norfolk, Va.—The referee was the only one that  
any jurisdiction in the matter, but neither the master of c  
any other matter, and would, besides the referee, a referee

erweight Boxer Living! Read his wonderful record, published in "The Lives of the Colored Champions." Price sent by to any address, 25 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Frank Square, New York.

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JOHN MULLIGAN.

FAMOUS SPORTING MAN AND OWNER OF FIGHTING DOGS  
AT FORT HAMILTON, L. I.



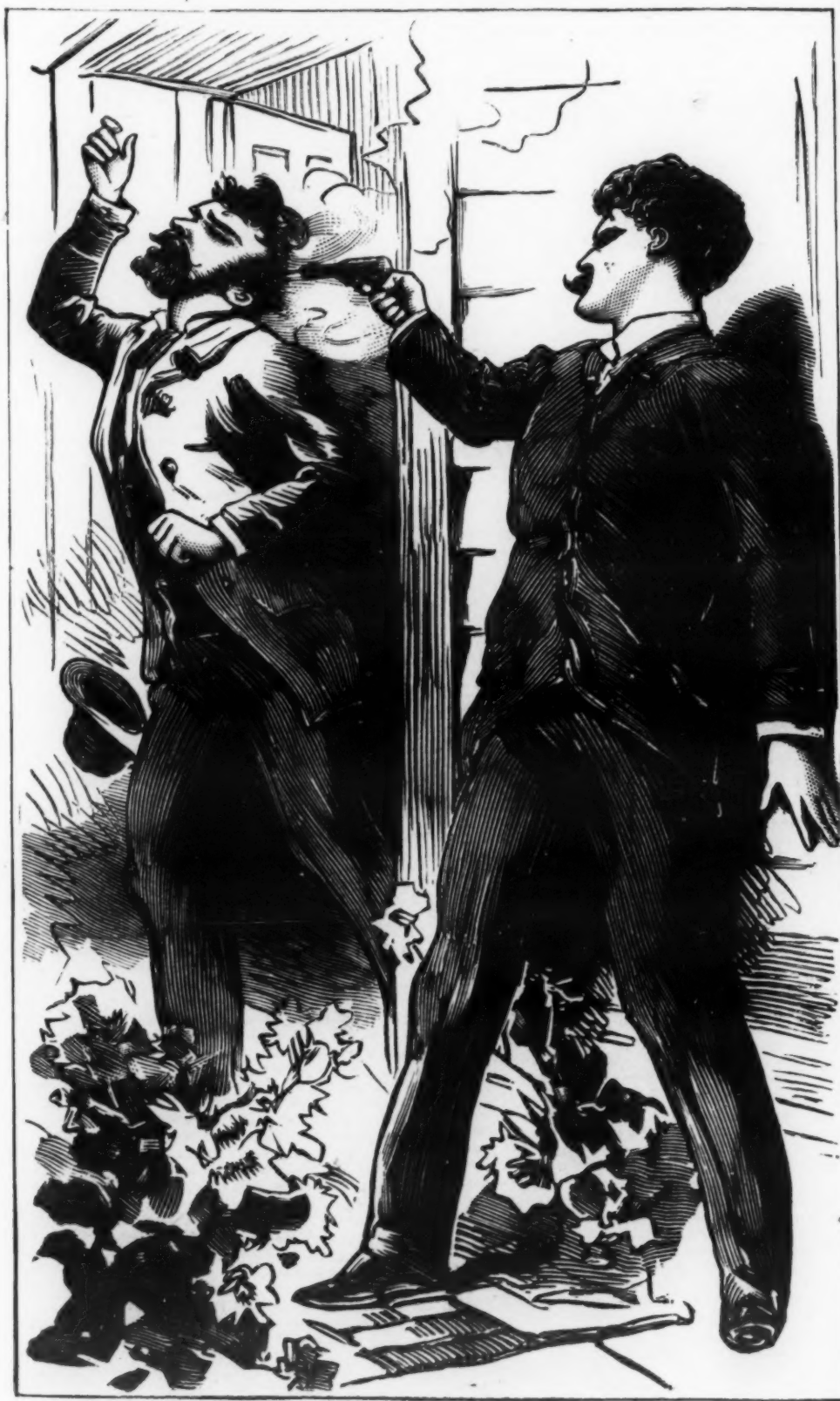
MRS. HALLIDAY BECOMES VICIOUS

THE MONTICELLO, N. Y., MURDERESS ATTACKS MRS. BEECHER, THE SHERIFF'S WIFE, AND NEARLY  
CHOKES THAT LADY TO DEATH BEFORE HELP ARRIVES.



MRS. CARL DRIER'S EXCITING ADVENTURE.

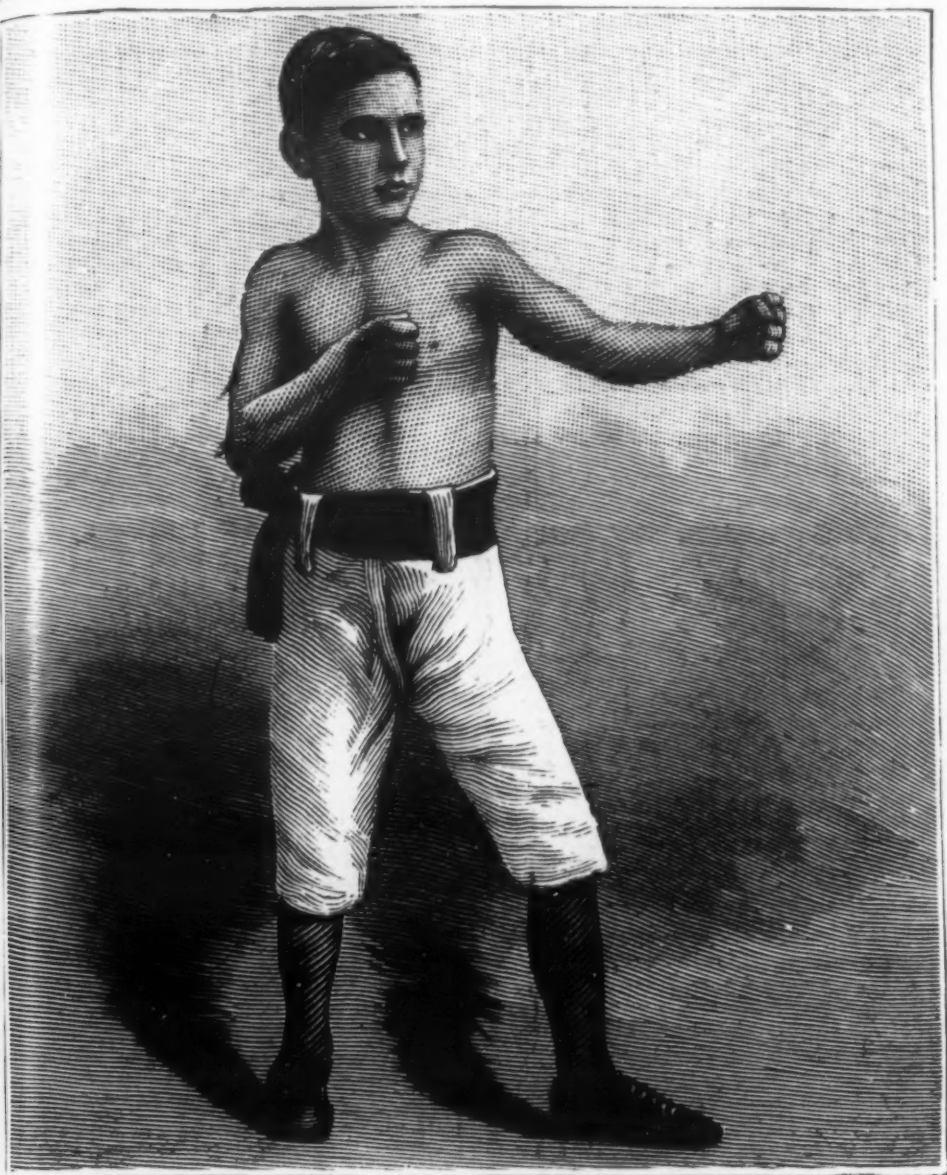
SHE TELLS THE POLICE OF LONG ISLAND CITY HOW SHE WAS FORCED TO OPEN  
HER HUSBAND'S SAFE BY MASKED BURGLARS.



'KILLED A COWARDLY ASSASSIN.

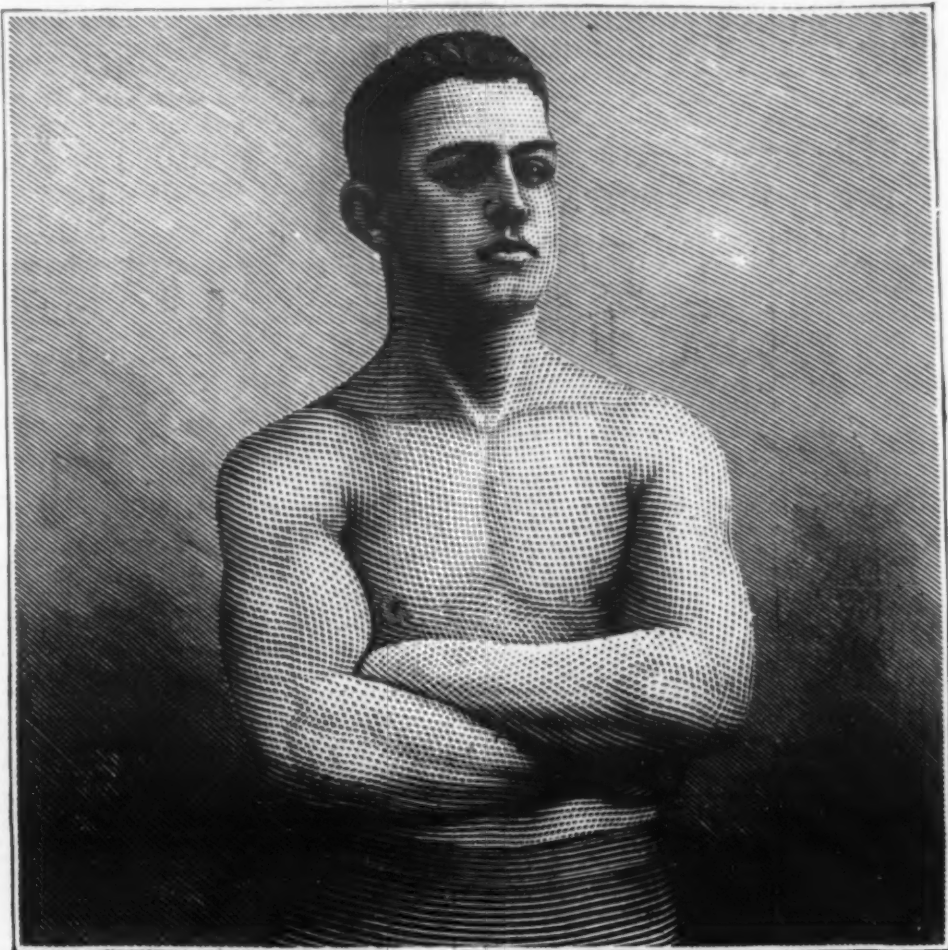
A RIVERTON, ALA., BOY AVENGES THE CRUEL MURDER OF HIS MOTHER AND SISTER  
BY SHOOTING DOWN THE BRUTAL SLAYER.





LITTLE TOMMY BUFFY.

THE REMARKABLY CLEVER BOY WONDER OF PENNSYLVANIA, WHO HAS ALREADY MADE HIS MARK IN THE PRIZE RING.



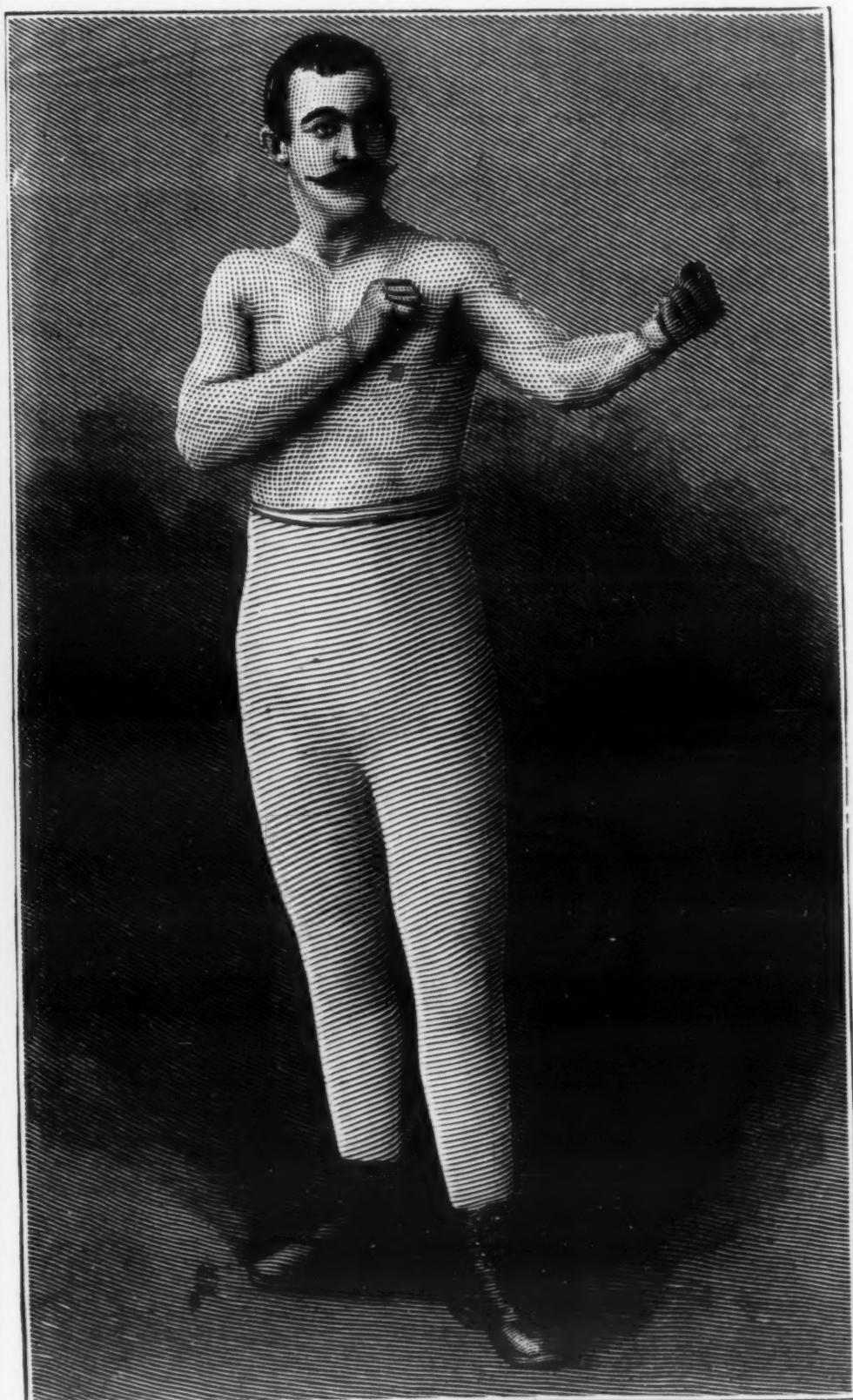
AARON MILLER.

A FAMOUS WRESTLER AND ATHLETE OF BUFFALO, N. Y., WHO IS ANXIOUS TO MEET ALL COMERS ACCORDING TO "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.



"JEM CORBETT."

NOT THE GREAT PUGILIST, BUT THE CHAMPION THIRTY-THREE POUND FIGHTING DOG OF ILLINOIS, OPEN FOR A MATCH.



JACK HICKEY.

THE CHAMPION 122-POUND BOXER OF NORTH ADAMS, MASS., WHO IS READY TO FIGHT ANY MAN HIS WEIGHT FOR A PURSE.



ELLIOTT YOUNG.

A PROMISING YOUNG BICYCLIST WHO HOLDS THE ONE MILE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE AMERICAN WHEELMEN'S LEAGUE.













### SLAUGHTER ENDS A WEDDING FEAST.

MARRIED ONLY A FEW HOURS THE BRIDE KILLS HERSELF AND HER HUSBAND IS SHOT DOWN BY HER FATHER—A SENSATIONAL TRAGEDY IN DOUGLASVILLE, TEX.